

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc't vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She take the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
fingers and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator peli,

Tam lent ut audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Launius* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull *Peere*
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorious Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lull him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a lease of brasie,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy

Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,

Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire:

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Launius come, *Marcus* looke to my house,

Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sit, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heuens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more fears of sorrow in his heart,

Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,

Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one doore, and at another
doore youn g Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather,
Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,

I greece your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both,

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,

My Grandfire well aduise hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,

To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:

And so I haue with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,

You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's heere? a scerole, & written round about:
Let's see.

Integer vixit scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec ar-
cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace* right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Affe?

Heer's no found iust, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,

That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,

She would applaud *Andronicus* conceits:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa's not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so,

Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,

To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord

Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romaine Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue,
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother, for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods

For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emper our hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwallow dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and state Rome's disgrace,

She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a ioyfull issue.

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismal, blacke & sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Among't the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy scale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point,
Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beaucious blossome sure:
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damnd her loathed choyce,

Accur't the off-spring of so foule a fiend,
Chi. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall tooone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp:
Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,

Nor great *Aleides* nor the God of warre,
Shall cease this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye fanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although she laue them hourly in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mager all the world will I keepe safe,

Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Looke how the blacke flauie smiles vpon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,

He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,

And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
She is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my scale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Deme. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe

Sauce thou the child, so we

Aron. Then sit we do

My sonne and I will haue

Keepe there, now talke at

Deme. How many won

Aron. Why so braue L

I am a Lambe: but if you

The chased Bore, the mou

The Ocean swells not so a

But say againe, how many

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the mi

And none else but the del

Aron. The Empresse,

Two may keepe counsell,

Goe to the Empresse, tell

Weekes, weeke, so cries a

Deme. What mean'st

Wherefore didst thou thi

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis

Shall she liue to betray th

A long tongu'd babbling

And now be it knowne to

Not farre, one *Muliteus* a

His wife but yesternight v

His childe is like to her, s

Goe packe with him, and

And tell them both the ci

And how by this their Ch

And be receiued for the E

And substituted in the pla

To calme this tempest wh

And let the Emperour dar

Harke ye Lords, ye see I h

And you must needs best

The fields are neere, and y

This done, see that you t

But send the Midwife pre

The Midwife and the Nu

Then let the Ladies tattle

Chi. *Aaron* I see thou

Deme. For this care o

Her selfe, and hers are hig

Aron. Now to the G

There to dispose this trea

And secretly to greece th

Come on you thick-lip'd

For it is you that puts vs t

Ile make you feed on ber

And feed on curds and wh

And cabbins in a Caue, an

To be a warriour, and cor

Enter Titus, old Marcus, y

with bowes, and Titus

Letters on th

Tit. Come *Marcus*, cor

Sir Boy let me see your A

Looke yee draw home en

Terrus *Astrea* reliquit be

She's gone, she's fled, fir

You Cosens shall goe sou

And cast your nets, haply

Yet ther's as little iustice

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*